

Wichita Daily Eagle

APPLIED TO JAY GOULD.

A Wandering Scotch Lad Who Wanted Steamship Transportation.

The restless discontent of those times is shown in the great number of very young people rushing about the world and living by any trick the youthful mind can devise. Almost every day boy



JAMES SULLIVAN.

waifs—yes, and girl waifs too—are picked up by the police of every city, and the odd fact about it is that the wildest and most improbable stories told by them often prove true.

The other day a boy of fourteen, who gave his name as James Sullivan, and his native place as Glasgow, Scotland, was brought into Jefferson Market court, New York, for being in the street, and it soon appeared that he had just applied to Jay Gould for a "pass" to Scotland.

According to his story he ran away from his stepmother at the age of seven, with Maitland's circus, and soon got to be a skillful bareback rider. From mere restlessness he left the circus and crossed the ocean as a stowaway. He had since returned to England and crossed again to New York and had then "beat his way" over the railroads to a town in Texas, where he met Frank James, who gave him a dollar and a pair of boots and advised him to go home.

If he was romancing he did it well, for he named all the towns and railroads in their proper order, told a straight story throughout, and did not break down or contradict himself under the most searching cross examination. But when they took his picture and told him it was to be mailed to Scotland and he was to follow or go into a reform school he fell to weeping at a great rate and swore that if he was shut up he would kill himself. He wanted to travel "with a circus or something." He was sent home.

ST. PAUL'S AUDITORIUM.

A Commemorative Structure to Rise on the Market House Site.

St. Paul has made up her mind to get the national Democratic convention this year, and has already begun to build for it. She will not only have a splendid hall for the convention, capable of seating 12,000 people and giving standing room for 2,000 more, but a small additional cost will furnish a permanent hall for all sorts of conventions and gatherings and as nice a music hall as any in the country. All this at a total cost of \$120,000.

A citizen's committee of 100 did the preliminary work, a select committee of the city council co-operated, the money was secured and the market house site selected, and then the architect



THE PROPOSED AUDITORIUM.

feet were called on. All discussion soon narrowed down to two designs— one presented by the firm of Millard & Joy and the other by C. A. Reed—and a whole day's debate took place before the council could finally decide. Mr. Reed's plan was the one accepted and work is to begin at once.

The main walls of the present market house are to be used, and a new structure of iron and steel will be added, with balcony and gallery. Ten thousand square feet under the galleries will be reserved for committee, toilet and telephone rooms, and above the central floor will rise a splendid dome. This, with the radiation of seats and aisles from the platform, will make the acoustics perfect, according to the opinion of experts.

The Auditorium fronts on Seventh street; Washington and St. Peter streets are on the sides. The seats begin at the platform below the level of Seventh street and rise so rapidly that each commands a perfect view of the platform. By the ventilating arrangements 100,000 cubic feet of air per minute will be forced into the front part of the hall, and flowing back will assist the hearing. The farthest seat will be but 140 feet from the speaker on the platform, and it is claimed that every word can be heard with perfect distinctness. The forward seats are easily removable, and a dancing hall of 100,000 feet square is thus provided for. Exits and entrances are sufficient for the greatest hosts, and finally the structure is to be fireproof.

Imagination.

"Some folks," says a hotel clerk, "are so easily 'born-souped.' Oh, that's Greek. I guess, and means that you are foolish. Now, for instance, a man in a restaurant the other day ordered bread and mackerel and he ate it with great relish, loudly declaring that mackerel was the only way to cook mackerel. But was his mackerel mackerel? Not much. It is too much trouble to broil a fish, so the cook put it in a pan and fried it, and then made mackerel lines across it with a red hot poker kept it so hot that it was impossible to eat it. So the man was 'born-souped,' but as he didn't know it, he was as happy as though he had really eaten broiled mackerel. I tell you imagination is three-fourths of life."—New York Tribune.

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

Tell your mother—have no secret. You would not to her disclose. For her love would be no weaker. If all the world should be your foe. Tell your mother—of some question. You are puzzled to decide. She is older, wiser, calmer. And will be your safest guide.

Tell your mother all your wishes. All your plans and hopes and fears. And you'll have much less of folly. To repeat in after years.

Tell your mother, trust her counsel. Rather than some young friend's. Wary hours she's worked for, loved you. Cause her not one anxious day.

Tell your mother—'tis a motto. Worthily every girl and boy. And if followed, it will bring you pleasure sweet without alloy. Thus, who'er be your companion. In whatever place you move, Let your conscience ever witness: "Mother knows and does approve."—Lucia W. Sturman, in Western Rural.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A DOG.

"I don't see how you can talk about a dog's conscience," said the Small Boy. "A conscience is what we feel sorry or glad for our actions with. It reproaches us when we are wicked and makes us feel happy if we are good. If we listen to it, it tells us when what we are going to do is right or wrong."

That was a very wise definition of a conscience for a small boy.

"And doesn't a dog's conscience do those things?" asked the Big Woman. "Doesn't a dog look ashamed when he has disobeyed you, and wag his tail when he has done something praiseworthy? Doesn't he sink off to do what is forbidden, because he knows he is going to do something wrong? Doesn't he sometimes act as if he repented, and wanted to atone for a sin?"

"Yes, Small Boy, all those things," said the Small Boy thoughtfully. "Occasionally a dog's conscience acts in a funny way," continued the Big Woman. "I heard lately of a little dog which was fond of chewing his master's clothes-broom. He was punished for it several times, but kept up his naughtiness whenever he wasn't observed. At last he reduced the broom to a stump. Then they took the stump and gave him a severe beating with it. Being much mortified, he ran off, and did not come home all day. The next day he walked in with a brand-new clothes-broom, which he laid at his master's feet. He wagged his tail, jumped about joyfully and looked as proud as if he said plainly, 'Here's your clothes-broom. I have made amends for my misdeed. Am I not a splendid fellow?'

I suppose he thought he had gained the right to chew up unlimited clothes-brooms."

The Small Boy laughed. "That was a smart little dog."

"Oh, yes, he was smart. But after all, he was not as honest as he wanted his master to think. An honest little dog would have tried to earn money to buy his master a new clothes-broom. This dog simply went down to the village store, watched his chance and stole one."

The Small Boy laughed harder than ever. "And then," went on the Big Woman, "they had to whip him for the theft. That dog's conscience must have been terribly mixed up. It never could have been clear to his mind why it was wicked to tear up a broom, and then wicked to replace it."

"How could you teach a dog the difference between right and wrong without teaching him each thing separately?" asked the Small Boy.

"You couldn't," said the Big Woman. "You could not teach a dog abstract right and wrong. The master trains the dog's conscience, teaching him what he must do and what he must not. His master's orders and wishes make the dog's conscience, and a bright dog knows when he disregards them. The dog I told you of had been taught that it was wrong to tear up a broom, but never thought that it was wrong to take a broom out of some one else's house to replace it. No one thought he would do such a thing."

"Then a dog hasn't got a conscience of his own, after all?"

"Well, he has, and he hasn't. He has a good-sized conscience for an animal, but it would be very big for you."

"I mean to try to teach Dash that he must never steal anything, anywhere, or at any time," said the Small Boy.

"Well, perhaps you can do it," replied the Big Woman.—Harper's Young People.

WHAT THE CHILDREN DID.

What a bright, happy school-room. Lessons were finished, play-time had come, and the children were quite busy at play.

Little Netta had her doll in the corner. Poor "Rosebud"—that was the doll's name—wanted a lot of petting, as she had a cold. Just near the fireplace Bob and Willie played with their trains and bricks, and Esther was busy painting pictures at the table.

The door opened quietly upon this happy scene, as Mrs. Hart looked in on her children.

"Do come here, mother," Esther said; "we never seem quite complete till we see you in your comfy chair. How tired you look."

"Well, dear, I have just come from seeing a poor woman—a Mrs. Green—and her two little children. She is very poor; we must see what we can do to help her."

"What are the children's names?" asked Bob.

"Dick and Tiny, their mother called them. Dick is your age—eight, Bobbie; and Tiny is Netta's, just six, but really about half Netta's size. Poor child! She is so thin."

"Well, mother, what can we do? Have they any toys?" asked little Netta. "I should like to give Tiny something."

"So you shall, my dear; I am going to see what cook can spare out of the larder to send them, and each of you see what you can spare."

Mrs. Hart left the room, and the children all began eagerly to look into the toy-box, where they kept many old treasures. Bobbie and Willie were quite sure Dick would like the soldier better than anything else, and some bricks to build barracks with, so they got together all the old bricks and soldiers they could find.

Netta thought Tiny would like a doll, and after a lot of thinking and hunting found one without a head.

"Bob, what shall I give Tiny? Do come here; I can't give her a doll with out a head."

Bob came at once.

"By Netta, where's that old doll's head we made a target of yesterday?"

"Oh, that doll has no hair, and really no nose," said the little girl.

"Well, go and fetch it."

Which Netta did, soon returning with a hairless and noseless doll.

"Now," said Bob, "just you make it a little red flannel hood and never mind about the nose; I will fetch the glue pot and stick the head on for you. I say, Esther, can't you help Netta find some clothes for this young lady?"

The poor doll soon began to look quite nice in a pink cotton dress and a pink sun-bonnet. Esther also found some odd china plates and cups—some without handles and some cracked—which they put into a little red box, covered with shells; and Willie said he would like to send his own china mug, with a picture of Weymouth on it, as he never used it, having been promoted to a cup and saucer.

By the time their mother came back with a bundle of old clothes the children had a basket of nicely-mended toys to give her. She said Esther and Bob might go with her and help to carry the things.

The delight of the poor little children was great, and was Tiny, who was in bed to keep warm, took the doll and hugged it, while her eyes shone with delight, showing that want of a nose would make no difference in her love for it.

Now, do you know why I have told you this story? Because I want you to see and to think for yourself a minute. Have you no old dolls or toys you do not care about? Do you not know any poor little boy or girl who would be thankful for them?

I expect you do, and when once you have begun to give something to a poor child you will feel what a pleasure it is to give. We are told, you know, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'—N. Y. Sunday Advertiser.

THE COAT'S TALE.

Dick and Tommy went to go shopping, so one pleasant Saturday found them on the river bank waiting for the foolish fish to bite their make-believe bugs on their sharp little baits.

"I wish fishes lived in these days," said Dick, in a drowsy voice, to Tommy; "wouldn't it be rich to have them put the power of speech in my coat, and we sit here and hear it talk?"

"I don't think so," said Tommy. "I think I would be afraid if my coat should speak, and very likely people would hang us for witches as they did the people of Salem that we read about yesterday. Say, don't this sun make you awfully sleepy, Dick? And I haven't had a bite yet."

Dick made no reply, for he was asleep, so Tom didn't say any more, but soon he saw a fish nibbling at Dick's hook, and he carefully took the rod out of the sleeping boy's hand and landed a little speckled beauty—a brook trout.

The losing of his rod awakened Dick, and after staring around a second he said: "Tommy, were you talking about fairies just before I went to sleep?"

"Yes," said Tommy. "Did you dream about them?"

"Well, I guess I did," said Dick; "why, I thought my coat spoke right out loud and said: 'I remember when I grew on a sheep's back. I thought I was afraid, but you were there, Tommy, and you said: 'I guess, Mr. Tom, that you are a little off, for sheep don't wear coats and coats don't grow.'"

"Oh," said the coat, "I was only wool when I grew on the sheep—a coat of wool, you know."

"One day a farmer drove the sheep into a brook and washed and scrubbed me and then took a large pair of shears to cut me. I was very much frightened, and the poor sheep began to bleat and tremble. But the man did not hurt me at all, for I could not feel. He put me into a large bag with a great quantity of other wool and sent me to a big mill where there were a lot of machines that turned and twisted and pulled me until I could hardly recognize myself in the long threads so unlike wool. That was not so bad, however, as when they dipped me into a tub of very ill-smelling, dirty water."

"I was very beautiful when they took me out, and instead of being white as when I went in, I was a lovely shade of blue."

"They sent me to another mill now, and some more machines twisted and pulled me until I was a smooth piece of broadcloth; then they folded me up and laid me on the shelves to rest, and I assure you I needed quiet."

"One day you and your father came into the store and thinking I was such a pretty color you bought me, and I tell you in confidence that I was never so happy as since I've been on yours."

"Well," said Tommy when Dick had finished, "that's what I call a very interesting dream, and if I were you I'd dream some more of 'em."—Elizabeth Preston, in Detroit Free Press.

Boys and the Long Winter Evenings.

There are many ways to spend the lonely winter evenings. There are plenty of games and a variety of entertainments, even in the smallest villages, but I would like all my boy readers to devote one evening a week to study. I am very fond of amusements myself, and want all healthy-minded, vigorous boys to be so. And yet it is not best to give up six evenings each week to pleasure. Take one evening to perfect yourself in the study in which you are most deficient. Or, if you possess a fair education, take up the study of languages. By devoting one evening a week for three months to French, German or Italian, a boy can make rapid progress, and to be able to speak a foreign language is of great value these days, even if one does not go abroad. But then I hope all my readers will some day be able to visit the old world. How many boys will begin to get ready for such a visit now?—Foster Coates, in Ladies Home Journal.

Doubly Defined.—Tommy—"What is a running account?" Pa says it's an account merchants have to keep of customers that are in the habit of running away from paying their bill." Uncle—"That's one definition of it." Tommy—"Is there another?" Uncle—"Yes. A running account is, in some instances, an account that gets tired out running after while, and then it becomes a standing obligation."—Boston Courier.

On the Erie & Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania railroad are five brothers named McDaniel, all conductors. There are also five brothers named Fitzmaurice, all engineers. There are also five Peterses, father and four sons; also five Dennises, father and four sons. The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway has among its employees Mr. Falor and eight sons. These instances show how well railroad runs in families.

CONSTANT VIGILANCE REQUIRED.

How Marine Insurance Companies Guard Against Fraud.

At 275 Madison street, New York, lives Captain William A. Overton, who has had some very remarkable experiences on the ocean, and recently circumnavigated the globe in an insurance case.

Some years ago he left the sea and became a marine insurance inspector. It was found that a well insured captain would occasionally put a foreign port for repairs and make an unreasonable bill; then the inspector is hurried off to ascertain what is really necessary, and if the claim is exorbitant to resist it, even to the extent of buying the ship, if in his judgment that is best.

Well, Captain E. F. Angel, of the British ship Mikado, was under suspicion in a Brazilian port, and when Captain Overton got there a naval court was convened with a view to removing Captain Angel from command. That captain left for a mountain town, an agent of the British consul followed and found only a corpse. The people of the town said Captain Angel had died of yellow fever, and as \$5,000 of the ship's money was found on him, which no one had stolen, their word was taken.

Then Captain Overton had to take the Mikado and complete its voyage to New Zealand. On the way he had the yellow fever, but recovered, got the ship condemned and sold under foreclosure and returned home by way of San Francisco. It appears that trickery of the sort attempted by the captain of the Mikado has become very common, and the marine insurance companies have to keep posted on the laws of all maritime nations and employ inspectors of the highest character and ability. Captain Overton has commanded many different ships, been wrecked and burned out, and knows how it is himself.

TO RECORD MONKEY TALK.

Professor Garner Will Penetrate Into Central Africa for That Purpose.

Professor R. L. Garner, of Ronok, Va., about eight years ago conceived the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

There are two bands of natives, the idea that monkeys have a language of their own. Investigation demonstrated to his satisfaction the correctness of this theory, and he has organized an expedition consisting of himself, Dr. W. G. Patrick, of Nashville, and Mr. R. L. Duvall, a wealthy Chicagoan. The party will start very shortly and will land near the equator, on the west coast of Africa.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Forbidden to Walk on the Sidewalk.

"Stone sidewalks are unknown in Maine," said a drummer from Portland. "Pine is too plenty and sawed stone is too scarce to permit even the best towns of Maine to enjoy such evidence of metropolitan greatness. At Bath a few weeks ago an Indian woman who weighed about 200 pounds broke through a pine sidewalk twice and the town officials were panic-stricken. The street commissioner immediately sought the mayor and informed that dignity that a leviathan female had invaded the peaceful precincts of Bath, who was converting the sidewalks into kindling wood to the certain damage of the town and prospective damage to herself."

"If she breaks through the walk again," said the commissioner, "she may break her leg and the city will be responsible for damages. What is to be done?"

"Why not arrest her for the malicious destruction of property?" suggested the mayor.

"We couldn't prove the malicious intent to destroy."

"Then why not take her to jail for disorderly conduct and creating a disturbance?"

"We would have to show that her conduct was not only disorderly, but also that she was willfully disorderly; she has not been warned to desist from her present course."

"Then, by jingo, I'll do it. I'll issue an official proclamation prohibiting the old girl from walking on our sidewalks. If she wants to visit Bath she'll have to walk in the middle of the streets hereafter or take the consequences."

"And he did it. The woman was served with a notice that the city of Bath would not be responsible for any damages which might result thereafter from her walking on the sidewalks."—Chicago Mail.

What a Barber Says.

There is a barber in one of the downtown shops who used to be in the army of her majesty, Queen Victoria. They are usually noblemen in disguise when they get here. But this man acknowledges that he was a barber in the kingdom of Great Britain. In one of his talks to a customer he said:

"What a great country this is for mustaches and goatees or imperial! We always know an American in the old country by the way in which he wears his beard, or nearly always. And I must say that the fashion set by the American men in this respect is rapidly gaining in England. Of course with the mobility the style is the short and pointed beard. The Duke of Edinburgh set the fashion, and the style is contagious among our military men, especially those in the navy."

You know the style in beards in England used to be the side chop—mutton chops they were most generally called. Well, sir, that is not the proper thing any more. The old men cling to the custom, bless their hearts, but the young men are fast following the American ideas in whiskers. Our judges in England are for the most part clean shaven. The barbers for the most part wear the mutton chops. It is seldom one sees a long whiskered man in any of the professions, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

The Activity of the Western Poets.

From all appearances one might argue that the center of poetry, if we have any, was now, like the center of population, far beyond the Alleghenies. With this active western competition, literature like agriculture, may become an industry at the east, and we may yet hear of the abandoned studies of New England as we now hear of the abandoned farms. The poets of the older sections in another generation may leave their haunts in charge of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, advertising them by counties and townships, with full descriptions of each and the price annexed.

It has not quite come to this yet, but the western pressure is very great, and unless something is done to bring up the worn out fields of thought at the east by the lavish use of fertilizers, or a new system of cultivation, the future is sure to be banished away there. Perhaps the application of electricity, or the use of hot water pipes, as in the new horticulture in France, may be found beneficial. But, after all, the western poet will have to turn to William Dean Howells in Harper's.

Florida and four shilling pieces will no longer be issued by the British government.

Chickster's English Diamond Brand.

Pennyroyal Pills

Original and Only Genuine.

What is SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it.

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make old clothes bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

Don't kick

because your business is bad but advertise if you don't know how to write to us and we will tell you.

We will prepare your advertisement on your advice and assistance to all you in preparing it. We will have the advertisement set in type and printed on the best quality of paper. When a satisfactory advertisement has been prepared we will furnish you with a copy of the advertisement in the form of a photograph to be used in duplicating the advertisement if the display of illustration make an electrolyte desirable.

Address: GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK MFRS.

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago and New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business to

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

PRICE LIST:

Single Book.....\$ 75
Three Books.....\$ 2.00